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No. 5.

MARCH 1, 1898.

Vol. XXXIII.



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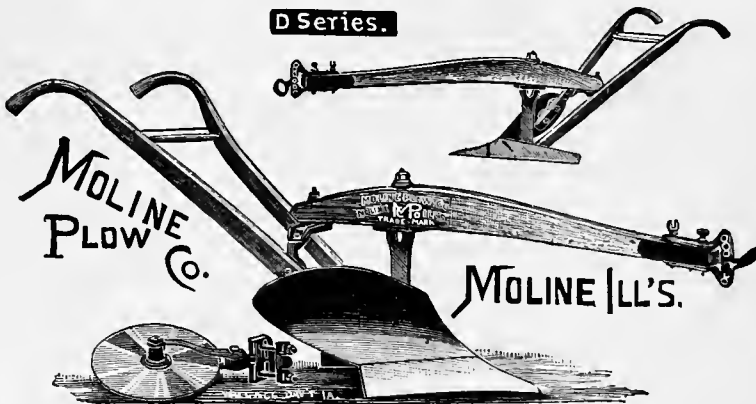
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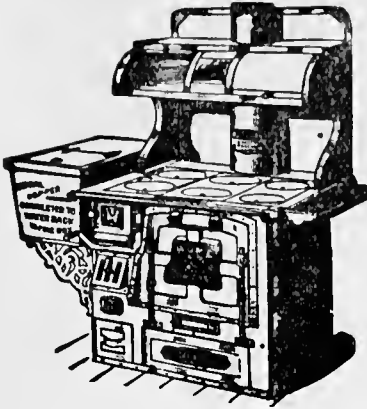
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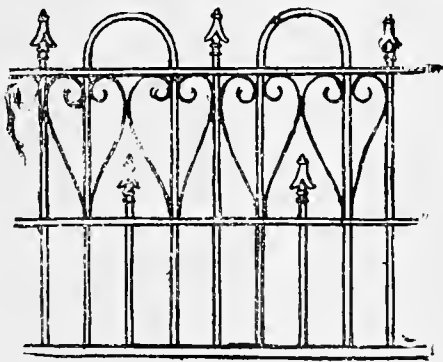
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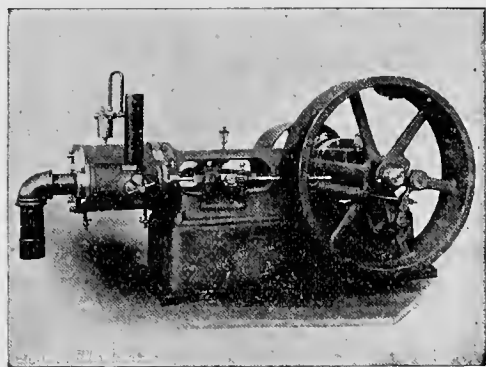
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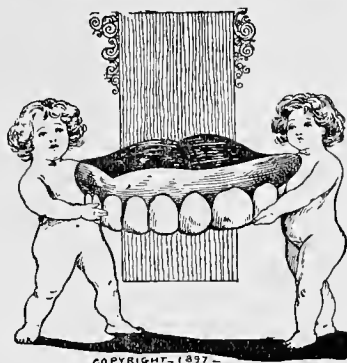
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VOL. XXXIII. SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1898.

No. 5.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

v.

IN Russia one finds a state church, and an official religion. Absolute toler-

ation for religious beliefs and practices is professed, yet but one sect is recognized by the government as orthodox, and this counts among its members fully four-fifths of the population. This great national church, the Russian Church, as it is more generally called, is of the Greek Catholic order. Many of its ceremonial rites are very similar to those of the Roman Catholic church; but there are fundamental

differences between the two bodies, and among the principal points of distinction is the refusal on the part of the Greek church to recognize the authority of the Roman pontiff.

The introduction of Christianity

among the Russians and the recognition of the Greek Orthodox as the church of the empire are interesting subjects in the study of Russian history. For more than a hundred years after the establish-

ment of the monarchy with the Scandinavian warrior, Ruric, on the throne, the people were pagans. After the violent death of Igor, son of Ruric, and third ruler of the new empire, Olga, widow of Igor, became regent; and in this capacity she directed the affairs of government for twelve years, during the minority of her son Sviataslaf. Olga, since known in history as the "Wise," and called

by some historians the "Mother of Russian civilization," was a woman of energy and ability. Having visited Constantinople for the purpose of witnessing the operation of the Greek church, and becoming perhaps dazzled by the splendor of the ceremonial wor-



STREET CHAPEL, AT KHARKOV, RUSSIA.

ship there practiced, she formally embraced the Christian faith, and was baptized by the patriarch himself, who accompanied the ordinance with the benediction, "Blessed art thou among Russian women, in that thou hast turned from darkness unto light. From generation unto generation shall the Russian people call thee blessed." Her course of life subsequent to her initiation into the Christian church would indicate that the conversion was rather of the head than of the heart; for, while the general results of her rule were good, she manifested very liberal opinions as to what constituted true Christian virtues. It was not, however, until 988 A. D., during the reign of her grandson, Vladimir I., surnamed the "Great," that the Christian religion was formally adopted, and the Greek Catholic church made the church of the state. It is said that this emperor published his intention of renouncing the pagan belief of his fathers, and called for the representatives of the various sects to argue before him in support of their several creeds. He was attracted by the bright promise of voluptuous pleasures in connection with the prospective Mohammedan heaven, but he could not adopt the required abstinence from wine. The Jewish faith was rejected with disdain, when its representatives, in answer to his question, "Where is your country?" replied that God had taken away their home and had dispersed them in anger. The Czar in a rage exclaimed, "What, do you, who are cursed of God, pretend to teach others? Away, we have no wish to lose our lands like you."* The Roman Catholics would have won him but for his fear that the papal power if once acknowledged might

be used to restrict his own. The portrayal of redemption through the Christian faith, with reward for righteousness and punishment for sin, as laid before him by the Greek priests, affected him deeply, and he straightway adopted that as the religion of his people. His zeal for the new faith was seemingly boundless. Every indignity that could be suggested was perpetrated upon the idols and pagan shrines which before his conversion had been held sacred; and a wholesale baptism was performed by his decree in the waters of the Dneiper. From that time until the present, his church has been the orthodox church of Russia.

Concerning the power of the church in national affairs, and the existing plan of ecclesiastical organization and government, something may be said on a future occasion; for the present let us observe the influence of the church among the people in general, and note some of the effects of their zeal.

Among the church members, are practically all of the peasants and other lower orders of the Russian people. It is a matter of open boasting with the educated classes that the church has lost its hold upon them; nevertheless most of these even are officially registered as communicants in the national church. But the fact that one is officially recognized as a Christian affords no evidence that he considers himself a Christian. This is illustrated by a strange condition now existing among many of the Finnish and Tartar tribes. The Tartars are mostly Mohammedans, though many of them have received Catholic baptism and so supposedly have been brought into the orthodox fold. Yet their belief has been in no wise changed. It is a matter of record that vast numbers of these have openly pro-

* Gossip: *History of Russia.*

fessed Christianity, while in reality they scorn its precepts. Until recently, baptism and the regular payment of dues to the priest were regarded as sufficient evidence of official connection with the church; and uncounted thousands of Mohammedan Tartars were thought to have become, in this way, Catholics. When, however, an authoritative confirmation of the supposed converts was attempted, and the requirement made

lace, a member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, whose translation of the original statement is given in the foregoing, comments as follows: "The mysterious cause vaguely indicated is not difficult to find. So long as the government demanded merely that the supposed converts should be inscribed as Christians in the official registers, there was no official apostasy; but as soon as active measures began to be taken 'to confirm the converts' a spirit of hostility and fanaticism appeared among the Mussulman population, and made those who were inscribed as Christians resist the propaganda."*

The Tartar boasts that God gave him his religion as also the color of his skin; but that the religion of the Russians is a thing that man has made.

Yet among the true Russians of the peasant classes, religious profession carries with it a devotion that is rarely equaled. They are outwardly devout and pious in the extreme, in their compliance with all ceremonial requirements. Far from being ashamed of their religion, they delight to manifest their zeal in the most public manner. Everywhere, throughout this vast empire, the traveler finds shrines for worship; and these range from the magnificent cathedrals of the great cities, some of which represent the wealth of a principality, to the simple cross or the painted icon set up by the road-side. In every railway station such a shrine is erected, that the passenger may not be without the means of rendering his devotions. We will hope to examine some of the greater churches when we come to speak of city life in Russia.

But besides these there are numerous



PRIMITIVE SHRINE BY THE WAYSIDE AND NATIVE BOY: PROVINCE OF VIATKA, RUSSIA.

that they attend to the duties enjoined by the church, strong opposition was shown; and as announced by trustworthy authority it was found "that a long series of evident apostacies coincides with the beginning of measures to confirm the converts in the Christian faith. There must be therefore some collateral cause producing those cases of apostasy precisely at the moment when the contrary might be expected." D. M. Wal-

* D Mackenzie Wallace : *Russia* page 160, quoting from a semi-official article published in June, 1872.

little chapels, each with its corps of priests and assistants, erected at street corners, at the entrance to bridges, and elsewhere. Our first illustration is from a photograph taken near the railway station at Kharkov, in central Russia. It is a small chapel, with room for but few worshippers at one time; it is not intended for public mass worship, however, but rather for the passers-by who may wish to offer their prayers while going to or from their places of work. Within, are pictures and statues of saints, each with a receptacle before it for the sacred tapers. These candles are kept on sale, and each visitor is expected to purchase a number corresponding to his wealth and zeal, with which to illuminate the icon that represents the saint of his choice. The candles are rarely allowed to burn out; when the devotee has gone, they are taken away ostensibly to make room for others, probably to be remelted. The sale of tapers must yield to the church an enormous revenue. Note the cross surmounting the chapel; this is of the form peculiar to the Greek church, having three cross pieces. The upper short piece represents the placard which Pilate caused to be placed above the Savior's head at the crucifixion; the middle beam is that to which the hands of the Redeemer were nailed; and the lower piece, which is never parallel with the others, is that to which the feet were fastened. The picture is illustrative of one of the better and more pretentious of town chapels. In the country districts, the traveler finds shrines of very primitive construction. By the side of the mountain road, or on the pathway through the forest, one unexpectedly comes to a cross or other sacred symbol, perhaps where the roads meet, and almost surely at a spring or well where

the thirsty and weary may have special cause to render thanks.

The second picture shows a simple shrine consisting of a post with a stable base and a roof-cover; beneath the latter is a small sacred picture, and on the body of the post is fastened a contribution-box, the key to which is in the possession of the priest. The photograph was taken on the outskirts of a little village near the Kama river, in the province of Viatka. The boy standing by the shrine is a native of the place, perhaps of Teptiar or Votyak parentage.

There can be little doubt that most of the people are sincere in their religious practices; and it is equally certain that in the minds of many no thought of devotion beyond that of the outward form finds a place. I remember observing a couple of men as they approached a shrine in the suburbs of Moscow; they were evidently engaged in a dispute far from friendly; as they saw the sacred image they immediately ceased their wrangling, and each with bowed head and in the posture of devotion, offered the signs peculiar to their religion; this done, they promptly resumed their quarrel, with a vigor that gave promise of a fight.

The uninformed masses are literally slaves to the church. Few of them have either ability or inclination to investigate the meaning attached to their formalism in worship; the priest is to them a father, to whom they look for spiritual guidance with the simplicity of children, and the ignorance of illiterate men and women. After one of the outbreaks of epidemic disease so common among them, the priest may say that the plague was sent as a divinely appointed punishment for their neglect to pay him his dues; they believe him, and

willingly part with their last kopeck in the hope of averting the evil influence, without a thought of their uncleanness, and the unsanitary condition of their houses and streets, which perhaps constitute the natural cause of their distress. Some of them are wiser than their fellows, at least in their own opinions; and with a sly belief that perhaps the Mussulman god to whom their Tartar neighbors pray, may listen to them while their own deity turns a deaf ear, they pay for the prayers of their orthodox priest, and then make an offering to the other shrine as well. In their minds there is little of close association between religious profession and personal morality. They have not fully renounced the pagan conception of deity, as a power that may do them injury, and which therefore ought to be appeased. From our standpoint of judgment their morals are lax; but their priests are ready to condone much, if the temporal sacrifices to the church be not neglected.

J. E. Talmage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO-BODY ANY GOOD.

ROBERT BARNES had just finished planting the last row of carrots in his mother's small garden, and stood, rake in hand, talking to another boy, who, hanging on the outside of the fence, was urging Robert to something.

"I shall try, of course, you may be sure of that," Robert was saying; "but I fear there is but small chance for me, especially since I found out that Walter Dewall is trying for the place, too."

"I don't see what business that Walter has there. I should think they would have plenty for him to do in his own

father's office. But likely as not they can't do anything with him at home, and so send him out for other people to tame him."

"I don't know anything about that, but I do know that he has every advantage over me. He has been so much better educated than I, he is a year older, his father is well known, and I do think that he is a very nice-appearing boy."

"Yes, if appearances count."

"They certainly do, especially where an office boy is concerned. I can readily see that, and I shouldn't begrudge Walter nor anyone else the position if we did not need it so badly. But since mother's illness we have had very little to do with, and you know that Barker dismissed me because I stayed home that day mother was so bad that we didn't expect her to live. He was always a hard master, but I earned our bread and butter. Mother worries so for fear we shall have to apply to the county for help. I have tried so many places, but it seems I have no luck."

Robert bit his lip and looked at the rake very attentively.

"Well, I must be going," said the other boy, as he could think of nothing else to say. "I wish you good-luck, Rob."

"Thanks."

Robert put his rake away in the wood-shed and stood for some time boring his heel in the dirt floor, thinking and thinking.

"Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that shall be given unto you."

It seemed so simple, so simple. Why not ask, then? But it must be done in faith. "Well, I have faith that He is our Father, and that Jesus is His Son, and that He knew what He said, and meant it."

Robert knelt and prayed a short and earnest prayer. When he came in to supper some minutes later, he said cheerfully, "I don't know, mother, but I feel as though God would help us some way. I think I shall get the place tomorrow."

"That's right, son. And if you don't get it, try and think that it is best so, and something else will turn up. But meanwhile we must do what we can and what lies nearest to hand."

Robert smiled. That was a favorite saying of his mother's.

"Well, supper is nearest now, mother."

She smiled, also, and the two sat down thankful that they had something to eat.

The next day was windy and disagreeable. Robert, with five or six other boys, among them Walter, stood waiting outside the office door of the firm of Stenner & Stetter, bracing their backs against the wind and talking about different things. Robert did not talk much; he was trying very hard to look calm and dignified, and failing utterly with both hands to his hat to keep it on, and an anxious look about the eyes.

At last the door was opened and the boys admitted. An anxious silence befell them as one by one was called in and was questioned as to age, etc., and had to furnish proof of ability as to writing and figuring. When Robert's turn came he kept whispering to himself, "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name shall be given unto you."

Walter remained with the head of the firm longer than any of the others, and it was pretty evident to the other boys that he would get the place. Mr. Stenner had told them that he would let them know the next day, when he had spoken to his partner. Until then, of

course, there was a ray of hope for them all.

Robert, in company with three other boys, was wending his way homeward, trying to keep up his courage by repeating his mother's words, that if it was good for him he would get the place. But the tears started to his eyes in spite of him, and when the wind made a frantic effort to get possession of his cap, as it did continually, he got a pretext for wiping them away while catching at his hat.

One of the boys, nudging Robert in the side, said, "I say, Rob, don't you feel bad, even if you don't get the place. We can't all have it, you know, and as for me, I don't care a straw."

But Robert knew that they were all disappointed; but he did not join in the abuse they rained on the more fortunate Walter.

"Hello! what's that? Oh, look at her!"

And the three boys burst out in a chorus of laughter. Robert looked round, and he could hardly repress a smile either, as he saw a little, old lady, her lace cap on her back, flying by one string, while she darted wildly about in her newly-planted garden, trying to catch some white linen she had taken off the line, and which had blown out of the basket.

In a frantic way she looked about her for help, but meeting only the laughter-convulsed faces of the boys, she turned again in hot pursuit of her clothes. It needed but that appealing look to move Robert's heart. In another instant he was over the low fence, and while the laughter of the other boys sounded mockingly down the street, Robert had soon gathered the old lady's precious bits and was carrying them triumphantly into the kitchen.

"There, there, set it right down, boy.

Good gracious alive! I nearly lost what little breath I had!"

She let herself fall down in a chair, and began pulling at her dislodged headgear.

"My soul, I hope I shall never have such another experience. Pick up that collar you've dropped, boy, one of my best collars, too. How could you be so careless? Give it here. Yes, it's only fit for the wash-tub again, of course. Boys are so awkward, and such a terrible wind. Sit down, boy. Aren't you nearly exhausted?"

"Not at all," Robert declared, sitting down on a corner of the chair the lady had pointed to, and then she began to tell how it was that Jane happened to be out on a day of such importance.

"And now, what's your name, boy?" she concluded, picking up her spectacles and eyeing him very curiously.

"Robert---Robert Barnes," he answered, bearing her scrutiny without flinching.

"Ah. That's a very good name, sonny; and now don't let me catch you loafing about town again in this fashion, with a lot of good-for-nothing boys, will you?"

Robert blushed; but he said smilingly, "It was rather lucky for your finery that I happened to be about just then."

"So it was, that's true; but---well, here's Jane, now you may go, boy. Robert Burns, was it?"

"No'm, Barnes."

"Oh, Barnes."

Robert snatched his cap and went home, smiling to himself over the curious old lady, anxious to get home and relate his experience to his mother.

That same evening when the street lamps had been lit and cast a dim but cozy reflection into Mr. Stenner's elegant sitting-room, his youngest child, a sweet

little girl of ten or eleven years, lay coiled up in the sofa corner, talking with her pet cat, while waiting for her papa to come up.

"It's just as I tell you, puss. Things would run a great deal smoother if you and I had a word to say about matters and things. But as it is, we must suffer in silence, and dare not even complain, because no one takes any notice. Now, if dear mamma had lived it would have been different. She could have persuaded papa to do certain things; but now there is only Aunt Susie can do anything with him, and she hates boys. She is so queer in her ways, though she is a dear old soul. Milly has been telling me that Robert Barnes wants the place as office-boy, and I would so like him to have it, because I know he's such a good boy, and they are poor and all that. Milly told me all about it. That's Aunt Susie's ring. I know it." And Laura scrambled to her feet and flew to answer the front-door bell.

"Good evening, Aunt Susie. I was afraid the wind would have kept you away tonight. I'm so glad you've come."

A little old lady was caught in a pair of loving arms, and after a good hug, was hustled into the sitting-room.

"Good gracious alive, child, do consider my collar and my cap. You ruffle me all up like a rag and bundle me about till I can neither hear nor see. There, get that cat out of the room. Hasn't your father come yet?"

"No, auntie, but he will be here soon. He sent word up he would be here when he had finished writing some notes. Now let me make you comfortable, then I'm going to talk to you about something."

So saying, the little girl pulled an easy chair near the fire-place, placed a

stool near it for aunty's feet, and lastly, set a small basket on the floor for her knitting ball. Then, when the little lady had begun to ply her needles, she looked up and said: "Well, what is it, child?"

Laura stood with crossed hands behind her, shifting uneasily from one foot to another. Finally she ventured:

"Why, you see, aunty, we are going to have a new office-boy."

"Yes. Your father must like boys. Of course I'll admit that they are a necessary evil in his case."

"Yes, aunty, but now, I would like a good boy."

"Of course. Who wouldn't? But where will you find him?"

"Well, you see, papa has already made up his mind about the one he is going to have; but the one he has chosen I don't like."

"Well, what is it to you, and what can you do about it?"

"Nothing. But I thought that maybe you would interest yourself in the matter, and——"

"Interest myself about boys! Not I. Why, what's the child thinking about? Good gracious! there's not a boy living I'd let pick up that ball."

Aunt Susie sat silent a moment or two wondering if there was not one she would take the least interest in.

"They are all alike, every one of them. Who is this boy?"

"Walter is his name. But there is another. Papa was hesitating about the two. And the other is such a good boy; I know him. I saw him once when a lot of naughty boys were chasing a poor stray goat, who was nearly crazy with fear. I stood here at the window with Milly, looking at him. He took that goat in his arms and walked down to Harding's with it; that's where it be-

longed. Milly knew him, or his mother. They are real poor, and he tries to support his mother."

"Well, I can't help it, child. There's Milly, to tell us supper is ready, I suppose. Come on, child."

But Laura was on the verge of tears, and she said, "Poor Robert, I'm so sorry."

"Eh? Is his name Robert—Robert Burns?"

"No, Barnes."

"Why, bless me! Light hair and rather long and awkward-looking?"

"That's he. You know him, aunty. You'll talk to father, you dear, good, kind aunty."

"There, let me be now. I don't fancy being made a rag of again. I'm going down for a few moments' chat with your father."

As the door closed after Aunt Susie, who was the maiden sister of Mr. Stenner, Laura ran over to the sofa corner, where puss had found a hasty hiding place, and hugged him in great ecstasy. He'll get the place, puss; there's no mistake about that now."

And Robert got the place to be sure; but if he had not helped the queer but really kind old lady in her difficulty, it is not likely he would have got it. But then, a boy who is prayerful is never slow to help others when he can.

He is quite a favorite of Aunt Susie's now, for he is still there and likely to stay.

Sophy Valentine.

If we would overcome the laws of nature we must not resist, we must balance them against one another.

THERE is nothing ignominious about poverty. It may even serve as a healthy stimulus to great spirits.

AN INLAND FLOOD.

And Some Others on a Larger Scale as a
Preface.

THE Mississippi River rises every spring, but not to a uniform height. It is when it climbs some feet above the lower banks and sends great billows of water far and wide across the surrounding country that it takes on a majesty that would be sublime but for the ruin which it accomplishes.

Houses, crops and even the lands themselves are swept away by the resistless torrents, and of course the more movable things which are overtaken, such as people, cattle, the smaller houses, crops and so on rarely escape destruction. The bed, the channel and the configuration of the stream are often completely changed, counties are cut in two and in a few cases even wiped out altogether, and, strangest of all, people who have gone to bed (for instance) in the State of Arkansas, have awakened to a new allegiance on the Tennessee side, the rushing, raging flood having cut a leup completely around them through which the entire body of the river has been diverted, forsaking its former bed. This doubtless sounds very fantastic to some readers, but it is none the less true, and but a suggestion of the many pranks played by the Father of Waters is herein contained at that.

It has been the writer's fortune, or misfortune, as the case may be, to see the Mississippi on such a rampage, and to see the same thing on a smaller scale elsewhere. The Des Moines river (a tributary of the other), the last twenty miles of which are the dividing line between Iowa and Missouri, and on whose banks I was born, was an unfailing indicator of the state of things prevailing in the greater stream in which it

emptied. I once saw a grist mill on the Missouri side, four stories high and correspondingly broad, tumble with a crash into the seething, swirling mass of water hurled against it, and in the course of one day have seen property enough swept away along the river's raging bosom to amount in value to many fortunes. But this, though several sizes smaller than the Mississippi occurrences of like character, was not the smallest by any means. Even an overflowing canal or water ditch has its disadvantages, but reference is not had to anything of this miniature character. In the extreme southern part of Utah flows a stream from east to west and then southerly, leaving St. George a few miles to the north. This stream is called the Rio Virgen "river." From early in the summer till late in the fall, however, the time when it is most in demand, one would have to strain the proprieties somewhat to call it a creek, unless its characteristics have changed decidedly of late years; but once, along in April or May (1866 I think), I saw it earn its designation in a manner which spread consternation among the settlers in a canyon through which it runs and which contained four or five small villages, as well as creating no little havoc to the people's belongings. A couple of uncles and aunts were there on a mission, and the undersigned, a strippling at the time, having been offered an opportunity to visit them, took advantage of it. Once was enough, although some years afterward he was himself sent on a mission to another part of the "Dixie" country. There had been an unprecedentedly heavy snowfall the preceding winter which had stretched away into the spring and prevented the usual melting period from accomplishing its work by moderate and gradually increas-

ing stages, so that when the thaw began in the great reservoirs it began with a whoop and hurrah, so to speak. The waters swept down upon the lower levels like wolves on the fold. The volume of water was multiplied four times in as many days, and in places spread over the land from hillside to hillside. The banks were nowhere high, and the low places were quickly submerged, cutting off travel by the roads commonly used, covering all the farming lands to various depths and cutting off all work of every character except such as could be performed in or about the humble residences. Great elbows of land which formerly projected into the bed of the streams were cut off as quickly and squarely as though accomplished by means of a vast blade in the hands of a Jovian destroyer, thus making some crooked places straight but causing as many straight ones to become crooked. The mass of debris which was borne along the raging flood was something tremendous, but it was nearly all trees, logs, limbs, brush and such other natural objects as came within the sweep of the waters. If any kind of animal, the human included, had by any means got into the channel of that stream then, he or it would have stayed there till reaching some other stream, in all probability; but there is no recollection of anything of the kind having occurred, certainly not so far as relates to the biped family. As in the case of the Mississippi, it was an awe-inspiring spectacle, one whose sublimity impressed the beholder with the realization of how puny a thing is man when confronted by such a manifestation of the inherent power of nature when its restraints are temporarily set aside. The great tragedian Edwin Forrest was inclined to skepticism; once he stood on

a large mound of rock a few yards off the Massachusetts coast, and before he was aware of it the tide came in, completely cutting him off the mainland. The waves lashed the rocks about his feet, and the spray now and then was cast upon him in a gentle shower.

He was so overcome by the sublimity of the situation that his personal discomfort was forgotten. Finally he spoke aloud, saying, "Let any man look upon this spectacle and then say if he can that there is no God!" So with any of those spectacles which dwarf into the utmost insignificance all the power ever conceived of or put forth by the creatures of the Creator.

The Dixie flood did not last long, else the settlers might have been placed in a precarious not to say dangerous situation. During the whole of it, the utmost composure was preserved. They seemed to realize that they were not sent there to be drowned, and while their minds could not in the natural course of things be entirely free from apprehensions at all times, a more self-possessed lot was never seen under similar circumstances. In themselves they were powerless, but not more so in the presence of the raging waters than at any other time or in any other place, and since deliverance must come as it ever does from a power beyond any that they could put forth, and having as a unit the most perfect confidence in that power, they felt that all would come out right and prove to have been for the best when they were able to look backward upon the situation. So in the presence of the destroyer by day and with the evidences of his presence manifested by night through the roaring of the torrent, the crash of falling trees and the tumbling of banks into the whirlpools, they maintained an even tenor, doing what-

soever they might for their welfare during the daytime and sleeping the sleep of the just when enveloped by the shades of night. One afternoon it was observed that the volume of water had shrunk considerably, while the roaring had diminished in a corresponding degree. This diminution continued steadily and rapidly, and by sunset the stream was not more than half as large as it had been in the morning. The snapping and snarling of debris as it brushed against the shore or some projecting rock had ceased altogether, while the hoarse notes of threatening violence from the waves were measurably hushed. The full, round moon mounted first to the horizon and then pursued her majestic sweep across the azure vault of the heavens, looking down upon a serene, contented and thankful people. The Dixie flood was at an end.

TIM'S INITIATIVE.

"I DON'T think we shall need you after tonight, Timothy."

The blow had fallen at last. Tim had been expecting it for weeks. In fact, from the moment Lawyer Dodd had remarked to his parter, "Well, we'll try him, anyway," Tim had known he would not suit; and time had only confirmed him in this conviction.

The lawyers were so sharp and quick; their errands full of strange terms, hard to remember, and despatched to strange places, hard to find. And when he was left alone in the office, and other lawyers came in, all quick and sharp, like his employers, how confused he grew!

How he blundered at the telephone! How he always failed to say the right thing to the clients! How he hit upon

the utterly wrong thing to say to the judge one day, and saw Mr. Dodd slap his long yellow envelope on the desk and swing his chair around and look at him, as much as to say, "You born dunce!"

"You don't seem to take hold as we would like to have you," explained Mr. Dodd, counting out two two-dollar bills, a dollar over Tim's usual week's pay, but the last that he was to receive from this employer—the last, perhaps, he was ever to receive from anybody, he thought, as he shuffled disconsolately down the stairs.

It was a sad story to tell to his mother; though, of course, being his mother, she would be easier than any one else.

"Well, it's too bad, Timmie, losing your very first place, but I suppose you can look around for another one.

"Oh, yes," replied Tim, choking up at her sympathy. But when he went to his own room and looked out of the window, it really did not seem any use. It was the recommendation from his grammar school that got him this place; but now he hadn't any recommendation. And who would take a discharged office-boy?

However, next morning he faithfully copied out all the "Boy Wanted" advertisements in the Sunday paper, and on Monday started out early to try his luck. At noon he came home discouraged; at supper-time he had no appetite at all.

Sometimes the place had just been taken by another boy. The "Help Wanted" column had many readers, it seemed. Sometimes a bigger boy than Tim was wanted, and how Tim wished he was tall! Sometimes it was a smaller boy, and Tim regretted his long trousers.

Sometimes the faces of the women clerks, looking sidewise from their

desk at the candidate for Harry's or Charley's position, froze his courage completely. His voice sank low, and he grew in his own esteem twice as shabby and humble as he really was. Then he saw clouds of doubt gathering on the face of the manager or floor-walker, and heard him conclude the examination with a blunt "You won't do;" or, perhaps, the more evasive "Well, I think we'll make other arrangements;" or, gentlest of all, but knelling with no less certainty the doom of his modest application, "Leave me your address, so that if we should want you we shall know where to send."

Two weeks of constant rejection sapped Tim's hope most lamentably. He dreaded to turn an office door-knob. He began to look upon employers as a class apart from other men, of stern, inquisitorial temper and disposition that could not be pleased.

"It's too bad we haven't some friend who could get you a place, Timmie," said his mother. That was just what Tim had been thinking, himself. Naturally, he and his mother had certain traits in common. "But I can't think of any; so you'll keep on trying, like a good boy, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Tim, "I'll keep on trying."

But two months went by, and he hadn't energy enough left for a real, hearty try. To be sure, he dreamed every night of golden strokes of fortune, and usually started toward town in the morning determined to "do something anyway." But even this vague determination oozed away after he had crossed his threshold; and the upshot of every journey was a random saunter through the streets, with his hands in his pockets and a far-away, desolate look in his eyes.

Now and then he would stop at a store window with a sudden jerk, then turn aside after a short survey, move on to the next corner and halt a minute before he decided whether to proceed to the right or to the left. He ran to all the fires. He stood in line with the crowd on the curbstone to watch the procession. He idled into the reading-room of the public library; everywhere an easily recognizable picture of irresolution and failure.

One evening, as Tim came home, tired, despondent and a little sulky, he met Nelly at the gate. This was no unusual occurrence, as Nelly lived next door and their families used the same passageway.

Now Nelly was as brisk a girl as ever swung a broom, which was just her occupation this evening. She had the gift of making things and people go her way. The babies, no matter how many, could not override her for a minute; and arms akimbo, with a stamp of her foot, she could scare the surliest prowler from her yard. Moreover, unlike Tim, she liked to talk to people, to push out into the world and expand her knowledge and experience.

With these qualities, she made an excellent housekeeper for her father, and although barely sixteen, assumed capably the place of the mother who was gone.

Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows; her eyes were on Mamie and Eddie, straying a little too far up the street; and the open house-door showed that she had left some unfinished task behind her.

"Hello," she said, as the wanderer shambled in.

"Hello, Nelly." He saw that her eyes were fixed on him critically, and

felt that he was not altogether fit for inspection.

"Aren't you working yet, Tim?"

Now this question, when put by anybody else than, of course, his mother, was in Tim's sensitive ears a thrust, a veiled innuendo, an unfavorable verdict. But he and Nelly had for a long time made friendly eyes at each other and exchanged intimate confidences. For, if Tim was unfortunate, he was also, according to the standard of that neighborhood, distinctly "nice." So Nelly's voice had a ring of sympathy in it which relieved the harshness of this most embarrassing question.

"No," said Tim, "not yet."

"Why can't you get a place, Tim."

"I don't know," he answered, with a sickly little smile. "I wish I could."

"I guess you try hard enough."

"Oh, yes, I've tried." Tim was truthful. He put his statement in the present perfect tense. "But it's pretty hard."

"Other fellows get jobs. There's Jack White, only graduated with you, and now he's clerk in a dry-goods store."

"Yes, but Jack White's a fine writer, and I'm no good at writing."

"Well, there's Walter Craig works in a meat-shop."

"Yes, I know. He got the place I was going to get. His big brother goes with the man that started the store and—"

"Oh, well, there are lots of other places. Don't you ever see any chances?"

"Ye-es," replied Tim, slowly. "Yesterday I went in to get a place, but the man asked me if I could make change, and I never made change—"

"But you could! Of course you could! And you've got to make them think so. Spunk up to anybody. That's

the way to get along. Why don't you try selling papers?"

"Oh, I'm too old to sell papers."

"You aren't as old as the Martin boy."

"Oh, well, he always sold papers."

Nelly flicked some dust off the wooden gate. "I know what I'd do. I'd get a wagon and peddle."

"Oh, people wouldn't buy anything of a boy like me."

"Nonsense! You went round with Dineen last summer, and everybody said you hollered fine."

Determined as he was to deny himself every imaginable virtue, Tim could not contradict Nelly's last assertion.

His voice was famous, both for power and quality, although, curiously enough, when he tried to say the simple words, "I saw in the papers this morning that you w-wanted a b-b-boy," it could sink to the feeblest, huskiest whisper that any employer ever heard from an applicant.

"Anyway, I haven't any wagon or anything," protested Tim, more fertile in imagining obstacles than expedients.

"That wouldn't cost much," said Nelly, a little doubtfully, because the price of wagons was beyond her range. "How much do you have to pay for a horse?"

"Ten dollars. That's what Dineen paid for his."

"And a wagon—a second-hand one, I mean?"

"Oh, I don't know anybody that has one to sell."

"Well, if I was a boy, I'd make one," said Nelly sharply, and when Tim looked in her eyes this time, he saw that they were not quite like his mother's after all. They were sympathetic, but they also seemed to be examining him, probing him, just like the

eyes of those terrible managers and floor-walkers and employers.

"Where's Dineen's wagon? He isn't peddling this year," said Nelly.

"Oh, I forgot that. But that's all—old and—kinder—"

"Couldn't you paint it up?"

"Oh, I'm no good at painting."

"You're too—too bashful to live, Timmie Tighe. You just want somebody to plant you in a chair, and put a pen in your hand, and tell you what to write and you'll write it. But they never will, and you'll go to the bad, if you don't look out. That's what you'll do."

"Oh, no, I won't do that, Nelly."

"I wish I was a boy."

"Besides,"—the idea of a peddler's wagon haunted Tim strangely—"I'd have to have a license anyway."

"What of it?"

"Where'd I get the money?"

"Your mother has some. She could set you up. You could get a license easily enough, and a wagon, too, and a horse and stock, and everything, if you weren't such a—great big baby."

Tim looked up once more in Nelly's eyes. Now Nelly was not a queen or a heroine of any sort. But the fire which she flashed forth at that moment was the very inspiration which has urged kings and conquerors to their greatest achievements—some of them no more adventurous in the beginning than our halting friend, Tim Tighe. Tim read it correctly. He saw fate in those eyes; he saw initiative. They said "Must;" they said "Will;" they refused with scorn to accept any paltering negative like "Can't."

A week later he announced casually to Nelly that he had bought Dineen's old horse and wagon; and the look in her eyes was friendly once more. It

had been hard work to persuade his mother to advance so much money; but if a boy cannot persuade his own mother, what hope has he of moving the world outside?

Tim's first investment was a stock of blueberries. Columbus, journeying westward, in momentary peril of falling over the brink of the world; Nansen, pushing north, nearer and nearer to the pole, but farther and farther from kin and succor,—neither of these heroes could have felt more venturesome than Tim Tighe, daring to drive his newly-painted wagon through strange city streets, and to send into the cold ears of residents and passing pedestrians that loud clamor of his:

"Blueberries—all ripe—three quarts for a quarter!"

The first time he shouted, the sound of his own voice startled him; he seemed to hear the words thrown back in derision. But Willy, Nelly's ten-year-old brother, who sat on the wagon-seat to "mind the team," seconded his effort with such a shrill, cheery chirp, "Yeer they are—blueberries—all ripe!" that Tim felt ashamed of his timidity.

They had resolved to experiment in a distant quarter of the city. For fully fifteen minutes their cries were unanswered; but at last a neat old lady called Tim to her doorstep, inspected his berries, and ordered three quarts.

That three-quart order was the making of a man. Tim did not sweep the berries off level with the top of his measure. Far from it! They rose in a great mound from the middle of the box, and when he turned them into the lady's brown earthenware dish, they actually spilled over at the sides.

He counted out the change in his left hand with a new feeling of importance; and the very horse started with excite-

ment when he tossed the measure back into the wagon and sang out boldly, with florid variations of his tune:

"Nice ripe blueberries yeer—three quarts for a quarter!"

At dusk, one great box of berries was empty and another well hollowed in the middle; Willy was hoarse, and Tim, who did the walking, was tired; but his pockets were heavy with silver, which he jingled for Nelly's satisfaction,—she happened to be at the gate again,—and counted out on the table for his delighted mother.

Next evening the return was larger. Gradually customers began to watch for him and he for them. His cry was a warning signal which in quiet quarters could be heard a block away. It distinguished itself sharply from other peddlers' cries. Really it was like a song, compared with theirs. Perhaps that was why the nice old ladies called him so often to their door-steps. His being a boy did not seem to deter them in the least.

For a week he did not venture to peddle in his own neighborhood. But one evening as he was driving home, a stray customer tempted him, and his call was heard by some schoolboy acquaintances, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Hello, Tim! Where's Dineen?"

"This isn't Dineen's team."

"Whose is it?"

"Mine."

The others raised their elbows before their faces, which, being interpreted meant, "Get out."

"It is, too!" said Willy, on the wagon-seat.

"Where did you get it?"

"His mother bought it," said Willy.

"Did she? Aw, you can't jolly us!"

"I aint trying to."

"Gee! You've got the cheek!"

A week before Tim would have wilted at this contempt. Now, his views had changed; he knew it was a compliment. It was their way of saying he was enterprising. The period of his awakening was vacation time, one year ago. This summer Tim's stock includes all kinds of fruits and vegetables in their season. If you should see him, reaching over the tail-board to fill a peck measure with tomatoes, you would hardly recognize the desolate saunterer who used to stop so often at the store widows. Watching him expand the "orbic flex" of his mouth to emit the full fortissimo of his splendid lungs, you would not believe that he could ever say, "I s-saw your advertisement for a b-boy," in such a half-inaudible whisper that the employer quite mechanically doubled the volume of his own stentorian "What?"

His whole air is fearless and prosperous. The very horse realizes a change. The mere way in which Tim shouts, "Get up!" or snuggles down a loose end of the blanket, or pulls Dobbin's ears under the strap of the feed-bag, or hops up on the seat and stands there, shaking the reins, his eyes alert in all directions for a customer, stamps him as an independent proprietor.

To be sure, all he owns is a peddler's wagon; but it is well-painted, not lopsided like some, and as tidy on top as any fruiterer's stall. And though Tim gives good measure, and knows that it "pays," he has learned that such wasteful generosity as that with which he heaped the measure for his first sale depresses his bank account.

The other day he met Mr. Dodd, the lawyer, on the street, and the two had a chat of several minutes, at the end of which Tim politely but finally dismissed his old employer in order to serve a customer.

Of course there's nothing he would not do for Nelly Gray. Their good understanding continues. In fact, they meet every morning and evening. But Nelly has grown singularly shy lately. If anything happens between them, it will have to be Tim who takes the initiative.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

Rule for Ascertaining Average Attendance.

THE "Total No. Enrolled" should be ascertained as follows: The Superintendent and Secretary of the Sunday School should find out how many "Officers, Teachers and Pupils" are enrolled on the last Sunday in the year, not counting any who have died or removed before that time. This, in cases of removal, will avoid having the same names counted twice in the General Statistical Report.

The "Average Attendance" of the school should be made up from the full attendance of the officers, teachers and pupils present each Sunday, as ascertained by the Secretary.

The annual "Average Attendance" is ascertained by putting down the actual number in attendance each Sunday during the year, then by adding these numbers together find the sum total of attendance, and divide this sum by the number of Sundays the school has been held during the year. The answer will be the "Average Attendance."

Adopted by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, Feb. 17, 1898.

HE who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself.

THE SKIN.

BY SIR ALFRED POWER, K. C. B.

There's a skin without, and a skin within,
A covering skin and a lining skin;
But the skin within is the skin without,
Doubled inwards and carried completely throughout.

The palate, the nostrils, the windpipe and throat,
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,
Which through every part is made to extend,
Lung, liver, and bowels from end to end.

The outside skin is a marvellous plan
For exuding the dregs of the flesh of man,
Whilst the inner extracts from the food and the air
What is needed the waste of the flesh to repair.

Too much brandy, whisky, or gin
Is apt to disorder the skin within,
While, if dirty and dry, the skin without
Refuses to let perspiration come out.

Good people all, have a care of your skin,
Both of that without and that within;
To the first give plenty of water and soap:
To the last, little else than water, I hope.

But always be very particular where
You get your water, your food, and your air,
For if these be tainted, or rendered impure,
It will have its effect on the blood, be sure.

The food which will ever for you be the best
Is that you like most and can soonest digest;
All unripe fruit and decaying flesh
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh,

Your water, transparent and pure as you think it,
Had better be filtered and boiled ere you drink it,
Unless you know surely that nothing unsound
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

But of all things the most I would have you beware
Of, is breathing the poison of once breathed air;
When in bed, whether out or at home you may be,
Always open the window and let it go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourself warm,
And change your clothes quickly if caught in a storm;
For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

All you who thus kindly take care of your skin,
And attend to its wants without and within,
Need not of the cholera feel any fears,
And your skin may last you a hundred years.

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MARCH 1, 1898.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A DESIRE FOR GREATNESS.

It is a mistaken desire for young people to wish to be great. Far better for them to aim to be useful. The useful boy or girl who has this as the ruling desire is sure to be more happy than if he or she yearned for position in order to be considered great.

It is said that in the printed prayer of the Moravian Church the following language occurs: "From the unhappy desire of being great, good Lord, deliver us." While we may not admire the system of printing prayers for people to repeat, there is nevertheless in this sentiment something to be commended. It is an excellent condition of feeling to be content with what one really is, and not to be striving for something out of reach, with the idea that it will make one greater. Ambition that spurs people on in that direction should be checked. In saying this we do not wish to convey the idea that all should not strive after excellence. This everyone should do. But it is not necessary that greatness should be sought for in order to have excellence. Some people are not content to work in the station in which they find themselves. They are discontented with their lot. They look at somebody else, and think how fortunate that one is, and how happy they would be were they in that position.

But happiness is not always the result of outward circumstances. Men and women derive their happiness from with

in. A contented spirit is of itself a continued source of enjoyment. Poor men, in humble circumstances and of obscure lives, can be as happy, and frequently are, as the richest and greatest in the land. They carry their happiness with them, because they find it in the contented, humble and thankful spirit which they possess. They see constant cause for gratitude in the circumstances in which they are placed. If in no other way, they can easily perceive how much worse a position they might be in than they are. But a really thankful man perceives many reasons for praising the Lord for what He has done; and instead of looking at others, and drawing an unfavorable contrast between his position and that of others, he sees abundant causes for gratitude to the Lord.

It is related of a Chinese philosopher that when he was a young man he was so poor that he had no shoes, and went barefoot. He walked along one day very sad, feeling to murmur at his fate, when he saw approaching him a man with a peculiar walk. When they met he perceived that the poor fellow had no feet, and was stumping along without them. At this, he reproached himself for his murmuring, and said: "Here is this man going along apparently contented without feet, while I, who have my feet but only lack shoes, am repining and unhappy." This proved a great lesson to him.

So it is in all human lives. There is no position that we may be placed in which might not be much worse; and in this reflection we should find comfort and cause for thankfulness.

We would like to impress upon our young readers the importance of striving to be useful in whatever station of life they may find themselves. Well-applied

industry will make every human being useful, and no one can be truly great without being useful. Each of us can be distinguished in the sphere in which we act by our usefulness.

We are asked:

"Has an Elder the right to call on a Priest to lay hands with him on the sick, the Elder being mouth or leading in prayer?"

"Has a Priest the right to administer to the sick, there being no Elder present?"

There ought to be no question on this point. A Priest holds the authority of the Aaronic Priesthood, and while that Priesthood does not give him the power to lay hands on baptized believers for the reception of the Holy Ghost, it undoubtedly gives him authority to lay hands on the sick, if it be necessary. Indeed, members of the Church can lay hands on the sick and pray for their recovery, though they have no right, if they rebuke the disease in the name of Jesus, to say they do so by the authority of the Priesthood.

A correspondent asks:

"Does a man become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints after he has been baptized and confirmed by those having authority, though his heart be not right, or he has not repented?"

In reply, we may ask, who is to know that his heart is not right, or that he has not repented? If he has not repented of his sins, and continues to practice iniquity, he can soon be dealt with; and his membership in the Church can be tested, either by his repentance or by his severance from the Church. But if his heart be not right, the Lord

is his judge, and not man. He is a member of the Church until, by his works and the spirit he manifests, he puts himself in a position to be dealt with.

SOME religious journals are agitating the question of the economy and wisdom of keeping buildings, erected often at a cost of many thousands of dollars, open only about six hours out of the 168 hours of the week. This is the case with very many church buildings. There are many church people in different denominations now who say that such a practice is wickedly wasteful from a religious as well as an economic point of view. It is said that many church buildings cost one hundred thousand dollars each; and as these are open only one hour in twenty-eight hours, it is stated there is too much invested for the returns; in other words, that it is a waste of means to have such costly churches open for so short a time. Some of these religious papers show how wasteful it is; and after including insurance, possible taxes, current repairs, fuel, lights, janitor's salary, and sundries, and also minister's salaries, they come to the conclusion that the results do not pay for the expenditure. This is not the case with the Catholic churches. They are open at all hours, and worshipers can enter and attend to their prayers and other duties, while the Protestant churches are closed.

IN every pursuit of life it is the effort, the preparation, the discipline, the earnest labor that makes the valuable man in every department, not the mere fact of his occupying this or that position.

STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Zeniff's Treaty With King Laman.

IV.

WHEN the Nephites under the guidance of King Mosiah, the father of Benjamin, left the land of Lehi-Nephi the Lamanites came into their deserted cities and there made their homes. Later they followed the Nephites to the land of Zarahemla and made war upon them. When the Lamanites first took possession of these Nephite cities they found them in good repair, but the Lamanites let them go to rack and ruin. For they were an idle people who neither built cities themselves nor took care of those that they captured from the Nephites. So the walls soon crumbled and the buildings fell, and the streets were full of refuse and dirt.

In those days the king of the Lamanites who reigned in the land of Lehi-Nephi was named Laman. We know but little of him except that he was a very cunning, crafty man, with great power over his people. With them the whim of a monarch seems to have been the supreme law of the land. They had no written laws for they did not know how to write, so what the king said the people had to obey or take the consequences.

One day a small party of Nephites came to Lehi-Nephi. Who these men were we must now tell you; as in our picture we see them making a treaty with king Laman.

It appears that some of the Nephites in Zarahemla did not like that country as well as they thought they did Lehi-Nephi. So they wanted to go back. They used to tease the king for his consent to do so. After a time he gave it and a large party started. On their

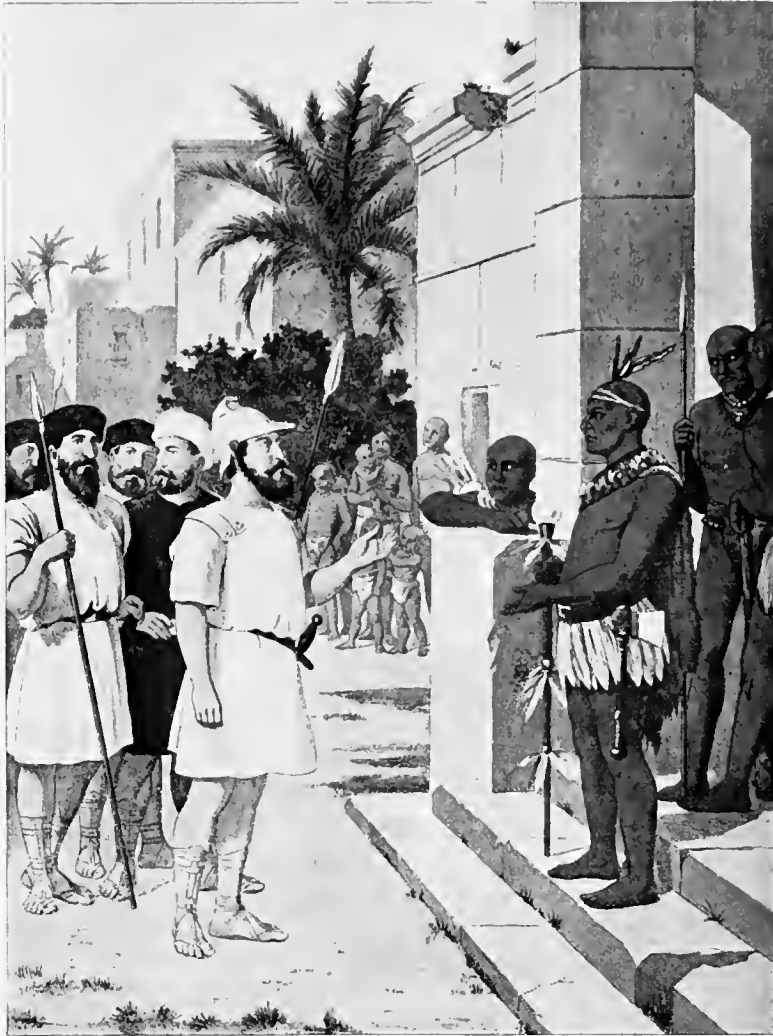
way they quarreled and fought. After the fight the few that were not killed returned to Zarahemla. In a little while another large company started. They wandered in the wilderness for a long time and were in great want of food. At last they reached the land of Nephi. Then their leader, whose name was Zeniff, took four of his men and went into the city. There they talked to King Laman. He agreed to remove his people from the lands of Shilom and Lehi-Nephi, so that the Nephites might possess those parts. King Laman made this treaty in the hope that he would be able to get Zeniff and his followers into his power and make slaves of them. Of course, when Zeniff made the treaty he had no idea what was in Laman's mind; so he went out into the wilderness where he had left his people and brought them all into the city.

The Nephites at once began to repair the city and make it pleasant and clean as it was when their fathers dwelt there. There was a temple in the city, and Zeniff had priests with him who offered the sacrifices which the law of Moses required. But his people did not keep the law as strictly as they should, and little by little they grew more careless with regard to the things of God. But they were a thrifty and an industrious people, and soon grew rich, at the same time they increased rapidly in numbers.

When King Laman saw the Nephites growing rich and numerous he began to fear that if they kept on increasing he would not be able to bring them into bondage; he also grew impatient to possess their flocks and herds and other goods. So he began to stir up his people to annoy and abuse the Nephites. The bad feeling increased very fast, so much so that when Zeniff had been in Lehi-Nephi a little over twelve

years one day a host of Lamanites came upon some of his people who were feeding and watering their flocks and tilling the ground and began to slay them, to drive off their flocks and carry

rows, swords and cimeters, with clubs and slings and other weapons, and then he led them against the enemy. When this trouble arose Zeniff's people turned their hearts to the Lord, and they cried



ZENIFF'S TREATY WITH KING LAMAN.

away their corn. The Nephites who could escape fled to the city for safety. They called upon Zeniff, for they had made him their king, to protect them. He armed his men with bows and ar-

mightily to Him to deliver them out of the hands of the Lamanites. God heard their cries and gave them strength so that they drove the enemy away. There must have been a large number engaged

in this battle, for more than three thousand Lamanites were killed, while the Nephites lost two hundred and seventy-nine warriors.

After this there was peace for many years; but when King Laman died, his son, who became king in his stead, began to prepare for war. During all this time of peace Zeniff had kept guards out all round about the land, to protect the people and their flocks from falling into the hands of any attacking bands of Lamanites. He also had his spies watching the doings of the Lamanites, and they kept the king posted of what was going on among them.

When the young king of the Lamanites was ready he began the war. Zeniff called all his men, both old and young, to go out to meet them. The women and children he hid in the wilderness so that the Lamanites might not be able to find them. The battle that followed was a very fierce one. It ended in the defeat of the Lamanites and they were driven back to their own land. So many of them were killed that nobody counted how many there were.

Then the Nephites returned to their daily work. They tended their flocks and tilled their farms until Zeniff, who was by this time a very old man, died. Then his son Noah became king in his stead.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED IN THIS STORY.

That the Lamanites followed the Nephites and occupied the lands and cities which the latter left. That they were a very shiftless and idle people and took no care of the cities they thus obtained. That their king was named Laman. That some of the Nephites, under a leader named Zeniff, returned from Zarahemla to Lehi-Nephi and made a treaty with King Laman.

In this treaty the Lamanites gave up Lehi-Nephi and regions round about to the Nephites. That King Laman made this treaty in the hope of getting the Nephites into his power and making slaves of them. That the Nephites grew so rapidly in wealth and numbers that King Laman despaired of accomplishing his purpose. He therefore encouraged his people to abuse the Nephites. War ensued in which the Lamanites were defeated and driven back to their lands. Several years of peace followed, during which King Laman died. That the young king again made war but he was also defeated with great loss. That after a time Zeniff died and his son Noah became king of the Nephites.

OUR COUNTRY'S FATHER.

A Story for Little Maybell.

"O MAMMA, I want a new dress for the 22nd of February," said little Maybell, coming in almost breathless with excitement, and climbing into her grandpa's big arm-chair.

"And what is the 22nd of February to be, more than any other day, that my little girl should want a new dress?" enquired Mamma Ross.

"It's Washington's Birthday, and teacher wants us to be fixed nice, 'cause we're going to march, and have lots of fun. Teacher told us to learn all about Washington, so we can tell her tomorrow. Aunt Meg will have to tell me about him, I guess she knows. Please may I have a new dress, mamma? I'd like a pink dress like cousin Bessy's, or else a blue one like Annie's, with lace and ribbon on it. Please may I have one?"

Again Maybell paused for breath, and

shd from her chair to give her mamma a loving embrace.

"What is it now, that you must appeal so earnestly for a new dress? Are you going to have a party, and let the best boy in school choose the prettiest girl, or the girl with the prettiest gown?" enquired Aunt Meg, coming in from the kitchen.

"It's a birthday party for George Washington, and you've got to tell me all about him," was the quick reply.

Suppressing a smile at her little niece's enthusiasm, and holding the child at arm's length, Aunt Meg looked straight into the bewildered face, and enquired gravely:

"I've *got* to tell you about him?"

"Yes, maam, teacher said so."

"Teacher said I've got to tell you?"

Maybell's curly head dropped in silence. Then remembering that Aunt Meg liked the little words, "If you please," quite as well as a pleasant "Thank you," her eyes brightened, and looking up she said sweetly, "Please will you tell me about him?"

"O, that sounds better," and the dimpled chin received an affectionate pinch.

"Now, will you please bring my work-basket and your chair? I'm dreadfully weary today, so you'll please wait on me, to pay for the story, you see."

At this Maybell bounded away to the dining-room for the basket; then she brought her chair from the kitchen where baby Ben had been playing horse with it.

"Maybell thinks you a veritable story book, full of the most wonderful tales," observed Mrs. Ross.

"Poor child! She will all too soon awake to a realization of the truth that Aunt Meg is only a prosy 'old maid,'

with a few simple facts stored away in her brain-box," laughed Meg.

Seated in her low rocking-chair, with her "Lady Rebecca" foiled lovingly in the little mother arms, the child announced herself ready for the story.

"Shall I begin, 'Once on a time?'"

"I don't like that kind of stories," Maybell answered.

"Well, let's begin another way, then, and see if you will like it.

"On the 22nd of February, 1732, a little bundle came from heaven. I think good angels were sent to guard it, for it was a choice and precious parcel. It was left at the home of Mr. Washington, a plain, old-fashioned place, in Westmoreland, Virginia. When the little package was undone, they found it to be a sweet baby boy; so they named him George Washington. Little George grew, and in a few years was old enough to attend school. He was sent to an 'old field' school, that was a school-house built on an old field where nothing much would grow.

"George had a brother named Lawrence, then a young man, well educated; they thought a great deal of each other. Lawrence liked to tell his little brother of the wonderful things in England, where he had been attending school for a long time. But Lawrence did not stay long at home. He went as the captain of an English regiment to fight the Spaniards in the West Indies.

"George loved his big brother, and thought it would be nice to be a brave soldier and go away to fight, as Lawrence had done.

"This he could not do, so he got his schoolmates to play soldiers; he was their general. They had fine sport, fighting bloodless battles among the shocks of dried broom corn in the field around the school-house.

"In those days the people did not have many wagons or carriages, so they traveled on horseback. George Washington was a good horseman; he was not afraid of the wildest horse. He had a strong, well-built body; but, what was better still, he had a just and intelligent mind, and a warm and generous heart. Often he acted as a peacemaker, settling difficulties among his playmates."

"And he always told the truth, too. Papa told me about his little hatchet and the cherry tree. I guess you know the story, too, don't you, Aunt Meg?" interrupted Maybell.

"I've heard it when I was a little girl.

"When George was about eleven years old, his father died. His mother taught him to be a manly boy, so that he might grow to be a noble man. In school he learned reading, writing and arithmetic; he also studied surveying; that is, he learned to measure land.

"An English nobleman, named Lord Fairfax, then owned a great deal of land in Virginia. He hired young George Washington to survey it. In order to do this Washington had to go over rough mountains and cross swollen streams. Sometimes, too, he went through forests where the cruel savages had their homes. He learned considerable about the Indians at this time that was of value to him afterwards.

"After this work was finished, Washington was appointed major in the militia. At this time some French people were intruding on the English colonists. Major Washington was sent by the Governor of Virginia with an important letter to the French general, warning him to keep off the English grounds.

"When he was returning home his Indian guide tried to shoot him. The

Indian was disarmed and taken prisoner but was afterward liberated, although Washington's companion, a Mr. Gist, wanted to kill him. Washington was always opposed to unnecessary bloodshed.

"One night while crossing the Alleghany River on a raft the pole with which Washington was pushing caught in the ice. Washington was thrown into the water, and had hard work to get back on to the raft. That night he and Mr. Gist slept on a little island in the river. The next morning they went the rest of the way across on the ice."

"Our river is full of ice. Bessy and I went down there yesterday at recess, and ough! I'd hate to fall in it like Washington did," put in Maybell.

"You may do it if you don't stay away from it, and if you should fall in I'm afraid you wouldn't get out as easily as he did."

"I'd say a prayer in my heart and then the Lord would help me. Don't you think He helped Washington, Aunt Meg?" enquired Maybell reflectively.

"Yes, dear, I am sure our Heavenly Father helped Washington very often, for he was a good man, and although he did not have the Gospel as we do, he loved to do good, and he prayed every day, else he could not have done the great work he did."

"What else did he do?" questioned Maybell after a short silence.

"The English and French quarreled and fought over the lands. Washington took an active part in this war. General Braddock was sent from England with a company of British soldiers to fight the French. He was a proud man and would not be advised by any one. The Indians and French fought from ambush. They hid behind rocks, trees and brush, where they could fire on

their enemies without being seen by them. Washington told Braddock about this, and proposed that some of the Virginia troops who were used to this kind of warfare be sent as scouts ahead of the regular army. General Braddock only laughed, saying that the Indians would be afraid of his well-trained soldiers, with their red coats and glittering arms. He also refused the services of Captain Jack and his men, known as the 'Black Hunters,' who were well acquainted with Indian warfare. Captain Jack had once been a happy man with a loving family. One day he went away to his work, returning to find that his wife and children had been killed and his home destroyed by the Indians. His once warm heart was made hard by this cruelty. He was joined by other brave and hardy men, who spent their time guarding the settlers from the cruel savage, who learned to fear the 'Black Hunters.' General Braddock thought he had no use for such rough, uncultured warriors, so he sent them away.

"The British troops marched on. When passing through a rough forest country, the silence was suddenly broken by the terrible Indian war whoop, while a shower of arrows and bullets were hurled among the surprised men. Their red coats made them an easy prey, they were such excellent marks for the savage eye.

"After a brave but fruitless attempt to withstand their ambushed enemy, the few remaining British soldiers fled in dismay. General Braddock was wounded and died soon after.

"The Virginia troops took up the fight, and after a hard struggle and much suffering, the war with France came to an end. General Washington had distinguished himself in this trouble."

"But why did they call Washington 'Our Country's Father?' That's what teacher called him," and Maybell turned her eyes enquiringly from Lady Rebecca to Aunt Meg.

"A few years after the French war, the English rulers oppressed and persecuted the American colonies. They turned to Washington as their friend and father, as the one to redress their wrongs, just as our little Maybell goes to her papa for comfort and help when others are unkind to her. Like your own dear papa, Washington was so kind and yet so wise and brave in righting the wrongs of the people that they considered him as a father to his country, and called him such.

"There were in America at that time thirteen British Colonies."

"What are colonies?" questioned Maybell.

"The British colonies," explained Aunt Meg, "were settlements formed by people mostly from England. You remember reading about some of them who came in the ship called the *Mayflower*."

"Oh, yes," said Maybell. "And these you are telling me about were they and their children, and some others had come. The people had made thirteen settlements and called them colonies?"

"Exactly," said Aunt Meg. "I am glad you understand so readily.

"The English Parliament put taxes on them, and made laws which were hard on the colonists. They put a heavy tax on all the tea sent here, and in many ways oppressed the people. One time a large ship loaded with tea was anchored in the Boston harbor. The people resolved not to pay a tax on it, so during the night some men went to the ship and threw the tea over into

the ocean. This was called the 'Boston Tea Party.'

"The Boston tea party so enraged the English Parliament that they sent out troops to punish the people of Boston, but the other colonies took sides with Boston, and on the 19th of April, 1775, the first battle of the Revolutionary War was fought between the English soldiers and American farmers, called 'Minute Men.'

"The people now seeing that war was at hand, wanted a leader for their army, so Congress appointed George Washington commander-in-chief of the American armies. Before he reached Boston, where the soldiers were stationed, the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought. The American soldiers, although few in number and untrained, so bravely withstood the well-disciplined British troops that, even though forced to yield before the more powerful army of the English, the Americans felt much encouraged.

"Washington as commander-in-chief of the American forces, kept the British army shut up in Boston for several months. One night he sent part of his men to a place called Dorchester Heights, near Boston. Here they made bales of hay and made breastworks. They then threw bomb shells into Boston, making it so warm for the English that they took to their ships and sailed away.

"The king of England would not grant the colonists their rights, and they were tired of being persecuted. On July 4th, 1776, the colonists were declared to be free and independent. This is what we call the Declaration of Independence. We celebrate the 4th of July in honor of that day, when our forefathers were declared to be free from English tyranny.

"The colonists then felt that they were fighting for their country. This gave them new courage, and they followed their brave leader, still trusting in God.

"Cromwell, the English general, thought at one time that he had Washington's army safely prisoned in Trenton. He went to bed boasting about his good luck, and how easily he should capture the Americans when morning came. When morning did come, to the dismay of the English, their enemy was gone. During the night Washington had a few men remain in camp to keep the fires burning and dig on the trenches, so as to make all the noise they could, while the army marched around the English camp, and away to Princetown, where a fierce battle was fought.

"The American army was small and consisted mostly of poor farmers. They were fighting the richest country in the world, and were growing weak and disheartened when the French sent a strong, well-equipped army to their assistance.

"Some of the English were kept in New York, expecting all the time to be attacked by Washington; but this great general had gone with a greater part of the American and French armies to Yorktown, where they had Cromwell and his army hemmed in, as Washington had been in Trenton. But Cromwell was not allowed to escape as Washington had done.

"The fight was a hard one on both sides. Many brave deeds were done by officers and soldiers. During the battle Washington stood where he could see what both armies were doing. A cannon ball from the English lines fell near him. One of his men said it was a dangerous place, and wanted the General to move. Washington calmly replied,

'If you think so you are at liberty to step back.' He came near being struck several times, but I think good angels were near to keep him from harm.

"After a firm resistance, Cromwell gave up. The Americans had conquered. This battle ended the Revolutionary War. After a time, peace and prosperity smiled upon the American people, but they needed a better form of government.

"A Congress was called, and wise men framed a constitution, which provided that the people should all be controlled by a President, a Vice-President, and other officers, all of whom should be elected by the vote of the people.

"General George Washington was elected the first President of the United States. He had to go to the city of New York, which was then the capital. On the way there from his home at Mt. Vernon, the people received him with great enthusiasm, giving dinners in his honor and showing him every attention. At Trenton he crossed the same bridge over which the army was led when they outwitted Cromwell and escaped from Trenton in the night. This bridge had been richly decorated by the women, and as he passed over it some little girls dressed in white came to meet him singing a song of victory.

"Washington served two terms as President, and refused to be elected for a third term. He had served his country and his people faithfully. So he went to his quiet home at Mt. Vernon, where his last days were peacefully spent, where—

"Waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel,
Who calls God's children home.

"When you are older, Maybell, you

will learn more about our noble Washington, and the brave men who fought with him. Then you will understand better why we call him 'Our Country's Father,' and why we love and honor him.

"There comes Benny for his romp with sister," said Aunt Meg, as a baby face peeped through the door and a peal of merry laughter rang out upon the air.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE SUBJECT OF MARRIAGE AGAIN.

AN English authoress gives it as her opinion that marriage, in a majority of cases, is a failure. She says it leads to results worse than penal servitude, since the convict is at least sometimes left to himself. She ridicules the honeymoon, and says it is often a ridiculous and fatal period.

Doubtless there are many cases which illustrate the correctness of her statement; but we question the correctness of her views so far as the Mormon people are concerned. The influence of our religion has a great effect upon the young people. Many make it a subject of prayer, and seek for divine guidance in the selection of their partners. To the Latter-day Saints who view it properly, marriage is a very serious affair. It is not for a few days, or months, or years; but for all time and all eternity. There is a greater probability also of our young people knowing each other's tastes. One of the causes of such frequent divorces in the world is that young people marry, quickly exhaust all they have to talk about, and then discover that there are great differences in their tastes. There is a want of harmony, which leads to these serious consequences.

The Commissioners of Lunacy in Great Britain call attention to the alarming increase of madness in that land, and in their report they bring out the remarkable fact that at every age from twenty to sixty-five and upward the chance of a single man going mad is much greater than the chance of a married man going mad. Between the ages of twenty and twenty-four the "odds" against the single man as compared with the married man are fifty-five to ten—that is, five and a half to one; and these odds against the single man although they become smaller as his age increases are so much in favor of the married man that the newspapers who treat upon this subject say that in sober earnest the facts now dug out and shown ought to be carefully thought over by all unmarried men. The married women show a marked superiority also over unmarried women as regards not going mad; but not so great as in the case of the men.

In the case of Latter-day Saints marriage ought to be carefully entered upon. We are living for eternity. We are laying the foundation of families that, according to our belief, will continue at least through the Millennium—one thousand years. There are advantages which our young people have that are not possessed by ordinary people. Knowing that the engagement is to be of so lasting a character, they are likely to enter upon it with greater care. They seek the presence of the Spirit of the Lord, and they cultivate love for each other. They do not exhaust their loving feelings during the early months of their married life. As a rule, the tenderness and loving care which young people exhibit toward each other before marriage are continued through the succeeding years. One of the comments

made upon very many marriages in the world does not apply to the marriage of our young people generally, namely, that "they saw but little of one another before they were married and too much of one another afterwards." Our religion gives our young people great similarity of taste, and this contributes very much to happiness.

Young people of the right character who enter into the married condition do not get bored by being together; they arrange their lives so that the society of one will always be agreeable to the other. Marriages are sure to be unhappy where the parties become tired of each other, and prefer the society of others to that of their companions. Mutual respect must be cultivated; for without this, love cannot exist. The polite attentions which lovers show to each other should be kept up through life, and not be confined to the honeymoon. Where married people maintain this conduct in their treatment of each other, they are very likely to lead happy lives. It is a beautiful sight to see a family where these amenities are maintained. The children partake of the spirit of their parents, and they live in love and harmony. The parents respect each other, and the children respect the parents. The influence of the example of the parents is plainly visible in the demeanor of the children. Even in poor circumstances, families who live in this manner are happy. Poverty may sometimes be painful, but the pain and irritation are wonderfully eased where the domestic virtues are cultivated.

I have already given my views on the advantages of early marriages. As a rule, people assimilate in their dispositions and manners much better when they are young than when they are be-

yond middle age. They can adapt themselves easier to each other's ways and are more likely to become congenial. The absence of money may prevent the procuring of some comforts and conveniences in the outset, but the common exertion and toil to obtain these has an enduring effect on both husband and wife.

Every young man should seek to qualify himself to become a good provider for a wife and children. Skill should be cultivated. Industry should be a fixed habit of life. Time should be valued as more than gold. The young man who values his minutes and his hours, and permits none to pass in idleness, is sure—all other things being equal—to become a useful citizen and to make a good provider for a family. There ought to be no trouble in this country for any industrious young man to make a reasonably good living for himself and family.

On the other hand, the girls should qualify themselves to be good housewives. Every girl, when she marries, should seek to make her home attractive. The contrast in the mind of her husband between her abode and that of others of her class should always be in her favor. The husband should always have reason to praise his wife's qualities as a housekeeper. Especially should the art of cooking food be cultivated; for though some may think that a matter of but little importance, experience will prove that it enters largely into domestic happiness. One of the poets says:

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without book
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Badly-cooked food is apt to produce

dyspepsia. Dyspepsia frequently makes people irritable and bad-tempered. There are men who always have to watch themselves to prevent showing peevishness when they are hungry. Good judges of human nature, when they have favors to ask or requests to make, take the opportunity of doing so when the person whom they wish to address has a full stomach. Diplomats, and men who have schemes which they wish to promote, frequently arrange for a banquet, or at least a good dinner, at which they can prepare the way for the favorable discussion of their schemes. A tactful wife will not fail to perceive the effect of a good, well-cooked meal upon her husband. If she have any troubles, she will not obtrude them upon him before he has had his meal. She will watch her opportunity to present a disagreeable subject at a time when she knows her husband is in the best mood to hear it. The husband also, on his part, if he be a man of good sense, will not come into his house, and when his wife is perhaps tired and fretful through overwork or the annoyances which the children may give her, and throw in sight the cares and perplexities under which he labors. He should let all these slip off his shoulders when he crosses his threshold.

Domestic peace and tranquility in the family are most desirable. People who live such lives are likely to live to advanced age. Care and worry attendant upon earthly existence ought to be softened and overcome by the sweet rest and entire absence from friction in the family circle.

HE that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes.

Our Little Folks.

MARBLE TIME.

"I've got the biggest marble, boys;
And bet I've got the most;
Or will have when we've played ten
games,"

Said little Braggart Boast.

"I shall not care," replied What Odds;
There are plenty in the store;
I have my nickles and my dimes,
And I can get some more."

"It matters much to me," said True,
"For gambling leads to sin;
And playing keeps is gambling,
Whether you lose or win.

"My mother says if boys play keeps,
When men, if fair means fail,
They'll likely learn to cheat and steal
And may be sent to jail."

Then True laid flat upon the ground
And said, "You understand,
From this time on when keeps are
played,
I'll never take a hand."



But little Honest True said this,
"Before the game's begun,
I'd like to have it understood,
I only play for fun."

"Oh, baby doings!" answered Boast.
Play keeps; and where's the harm?
I would not spend the time without;
The game would lose its charm."

"What matters it? what matters it?"
Said Odds, "I cannot see;
To play for keeps or play for fun,
Is all the same to me."

"Well, Honest True, get up and play,"
Said Braggart Boast, "you've won;
What Odds and I will learn of you;
It's best to play for fun."

And so the game went merrily;
None lost, and none gained "heaps";
And all agreed, to play for fun,
Was better far than "keeps."

And now, dear children, everywhere,
I wish that all of you
May be as firm for all that's right
As little Honest True.

Lula.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

SALT LAKE CITY, 1898.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I would like to write to the Letter-Box, too, though I am a child of a larger growth than most of you, but what of that? If I can write something to interest or encourage my young friends I should like to do so. Don't you know, we can learn from each other. It was only the other day I heard some boys say with a sniff, "You bet they wouldn't write for the Letter-Box, that was only for 'kids'!" You see, their mother had told them she should think they could write letters that would be nice, for they lived out in the country, and one of them had taken a trip to Arizona a short time before, and some of the others had been up the canyon in the summer and had all sorts of fun, and they could write and spell pretty well, too. But no, they felt above such things. Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, says: "A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it! whithersoever it burneth, it prospereth."

These boys I speak of, read the Bible occasionally and I'm in hopes they'll come across this passage some day.

Now to speak of the matter I wanted to write about: How many of you do all you can do? Not one of you, I dare say. There is no one living that does. But how many of us try to do the best we can? Every boy or girl that is born into this world has within himself or herself some gift or more, that should be improved. Our Father in Heaven sends his children to this earth to improve themselves. We must not feel discouraged if we do not seem to get on as we should like. If things came too easy to us we wouldn't half appreciate them when we got them. You know if one of you girls just long for a

new dress and have to wait and work quite a while before you get it, how much nicer it seems when you do get it and how much better care you take of it; now some of you may think, "I haven't any gift; what can I do?" Do not think so, for you have several of them. Maybe one is a cheerful disposition; or you can make good bread or sing sweetly. And any boy can do something and learn to do it well. You don't have to work in a store either, to bring out your gifts. Why not turn in and make a garden at home and plant some trees about the place. Learn to use tools and put up a coal shed, if necessary. Above all, whatever you do, do it as it should be done.

Your loving Sister,

H.

 RANDOLPH, RICH COUNTY.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: Reading the little letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR made me think I would try and write one too. My home is here in Randolph. Last Sunday was our Sunday School Conference. We had the pleasure of seeing Brother Karl G. Maeser, and he gave us some very good instructions in Sunday School and in Religion Class. It will be a long while before we will forget his bright smiling face and the good counsel he gave to us. Superintendent Galloway and his assistants were also present, and we had an enjoyable time, which we will all remember.

Bertha Spencer. Age 10 years.

DEAR LETTER BOX: I thought I would write a letter to you. I like to read the letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I go to Sunday School. I have two brothers and one sister; their

names are Harold, Willie, and Annie Child. I am nine years old.

Your friend,

Thomas Child.

RICHMOND, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I like to read the little letters. I do not go to school now, as the people of Richmond are building a new school-house, and it isn't finished. It is the largest and prettiest building in our town. It has eight large rooms in it. I am in the Third Reader. I am nine years old.

Your little friend,

Chersta Monson.

NEWLAND, NEV.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: My sister has been telling me about the letters she has written to the JUVENILE. I will write one.

I am a little boy, nine years old. I go to school, and study reading, arithmetic, physiology and spelling.

I have four sisters and three brothers. I won't write any more.

I am, your new writer,

Samuel D. Rice.

BENJAMIN, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX—I will write a short sketch of our old horse, Mag.

Papa used to hitch her to the cart, and then she would take Fred and me to school, about a mile and a quarter. When we got there, we would tie up the lines and start her home. She was very careful to avoid running into anything. When she got to one of our neighbor's, she would stop to drink, and when she got through she would back out of the hole and go home.

Isabel Davis. Age 10.

HERRIMAN, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I have never written to the Letter-Box. I go to school. My studies are Second Reader, arithmetic, language and spelling. I was nine years old on the 4th of December. I have three brothers and three sisters. Their names are Henry, Walter, Bertie, Florence, Lily and May.

Your new friend,

Arthur W. Crane.

SUGAR HOUSE WARD, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Where I live in Sugar House Ward is a very pretty place. I go to Sunday School and like it very much.

We have a little pet calf, and when mamma goes out and calls Pet, Pet, it comes and runs around her after its milk. It is black and white.

Your new friend,

Josephine Jensen. Age 11 years.

HERRIMAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I have a calf named Cherry, which is red and white. Its mother's name is Daisy. She is black, and very gentle. She has had four calves—one that was black, two red and white, and one that was all white. Three of them have died. Daisy and Cherry like to be together. Sometimes they like to have a run all around the farm. I go to school. My teacher's name is George Udell. He is very kind.

John Robert Osborne. Age 10 years.

RADFORD, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

I am a little Mormon boy, ten years old. I was baptized Feb. 4th, 1895, by Elder Tuckett, of Salt Lake City. I go to Sunday School; have been going for six years. We have kind teachers, but

few children. I like to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; the missionaries lend it to us. My father is President of the Mutual Improvement Association, which is well attended by the Saints.

Yours truly,

Arthur T. Henson.

AURORA, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: My sisters read the little letters to me and I like them very much. I have six sisters and three brothers. Our baby is two months old. It has dark blue eyes.

Your little friend,

Ethel Curtis. Age 7 years.

MATHEW WARD, GRAHAM CO., ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—We had a good time on Christmas. I got a trunk on the tree. We had a dance. I have four brothers and three sisters. Our baby is fifteen months' old, and he plays with a little wagon in the yard. I go to school and am in the fourth reader.

Helen Greenhalgh. 12 years old.

MATHEW, ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I had a nice Christmas. For presents I got a story book, some candy and nuts, and a tin turtle. A string is fastened to the turtle, and when I pull it and let go the turtle will run quite a way. I have four brothers and two sisters living; one brother and one sister died when they were babies.

Guy V. Lamoreaux. 10 years old.

COLONIA JUAREZ, CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am only a little boy, but I thought I would like to write. I was eight years old on the 13th of February, 1898. I love to hear

from the little boys and girls. I live down here in Mexico, but I have a great many relations in Utah. I was born there. I go to school, also Primary and Sunday School, and like to go very much. My teacher is Sister Sarah Clayson, and we all love her. I have two brothers. Clyde is four years old and Angus is two.

I could write more, but will stop for this time.

With love, I remain a new writer,

John E. Wall.

PROVO BENCH, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I will try to tell of a direct answer to prayer. It was in May 1880, that my pa was so sick with the rheumatism that he could do no work. Grandpa had to see to everything putting in the grain and all the hard work. One evening when grandpa came home very tired the cows had strayed away and he had to go and search for them. This made my pa feel very bad, and he prayed very earnestly that the Lord would bless grandpa especialiy, and not let him feel tired.

When grandpa returned with the cows he said that as he went there was a refreshing feeling that came upon him, and he felt as young and as strong as he could remember of ever feeling in his life and he was then 64 years old. We think it was shown that the Lord had directly answered pa's prayer.

Edith Prestwich. 10 years old.

WE may divide thinkers into those who think for themselves and those who think through others; the latter are the rule, the former the exception. Only the light which we have kindled in ourselves can illuminate others.

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Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair

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Some 300 suits in this lot and every one a top notch value. We want no hold overs here. They're the best values we've had this season, but the lots are broken. Only a few sizes of each left, so they must be cleaned out. This is how we propose to do it:

\$ 9.00 suit for	\$ 7.50
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15.00 suit for	11.50
18.00 suit for	13.50
20.00 suit for	14.50
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Every over coat and ulster in the house must be sold. Big cut in prices.

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GOLD BRIDGE WORK,

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CAN'T BE TOLD FROM NATURAL TEETH, \$5.00

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CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 5th, 1898.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	9:00 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.
No. 42.—Leaves Salt Lake City for Park City and intermediate points at	5:00 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:50 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41.—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	9:45 a. m.

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Cooper, Pyper & Co.....Nephi
S. P. Eggertsen Co.....Provo
Fairview Co-op.....Fairview
O. F. Coolidge.....Manti
J. S. Jensen.....Salina
O. P. Borg.....Richfield
Hammond & Co.....Moab

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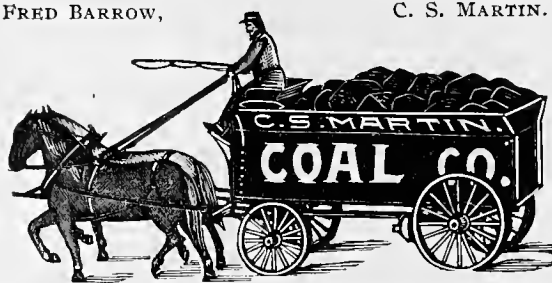
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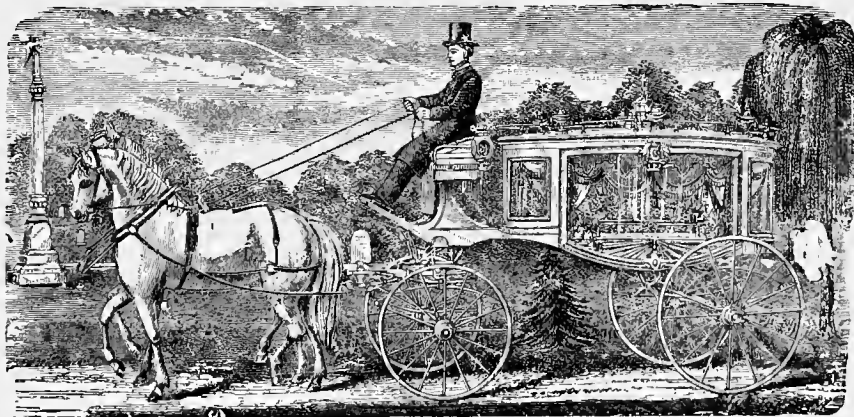
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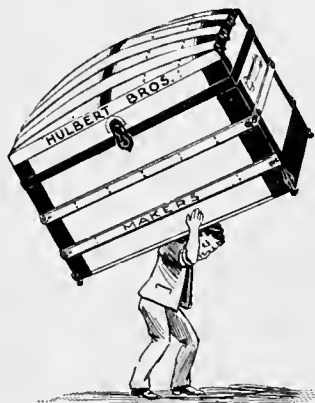
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(In effect March 16, 1897.)

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"The Overland Limited" for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City..... 7 00 a. m
"The Fast Mail" for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.... 6 25 p. m

ARRIVE:

"The Overland Limited" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City..... 3 10 p. m
"The Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver..... 3 30 a. m

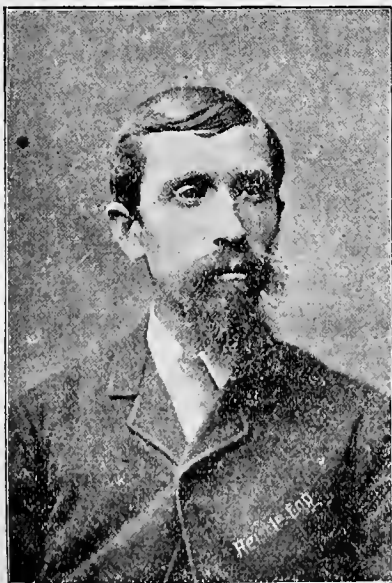
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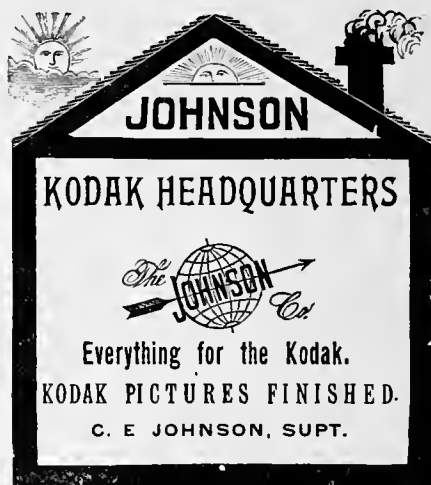
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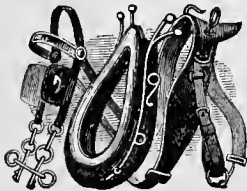
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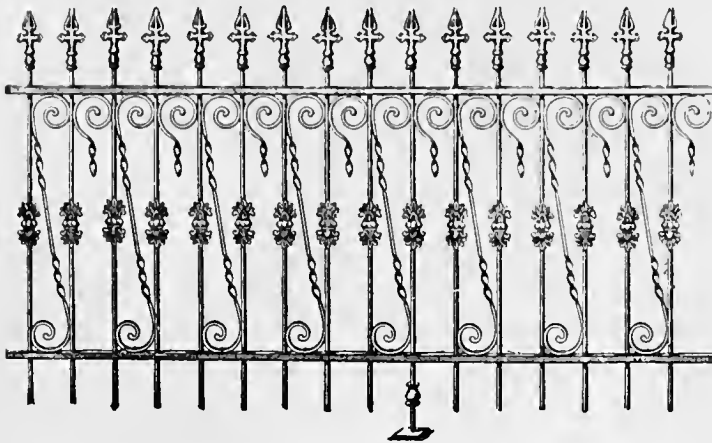
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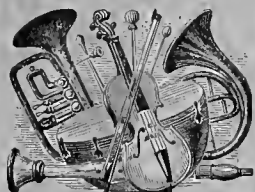
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